Hogarth House
Paradise Road
Richmond
Surrey
Telephone : Richmond 496

March 13-1924

52 Tavistock Sqre.

My Violet,

I was just thinking of you, & of your house, & wanting to see you -

We're on the wing this moment - Workmen spit & swear in every room. So this is only a desperate wag of my tail. But come & see your Sp: & Leonard, who is one of your most faithful admirers.

Will tell me you're clearing 21 & the Graveyard, looking at which I've had so many happy hours.

You must do our printing works in the basement, & do, do, do, as you love me, write me something about Mrs Eden for the press.

Yrs Sp:

Mrs Woolf

THE HOGARTH PRESS

52 TAVISTOCK SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.1

Telephone: Museum 3488

17th July, 1924.

My Violet,
(excuse typewriter).

The Press is charmed by your great aunt; but thinks her rather too slight and scattered for publishing as a book. We feel that there ought to be a good deal more of you or a longer and more connected series of her letters. It is very tantalising, as the little that there is of each of you is so fascinating.

What we want, not as publishers, but as editor of the Nation to suggest is that you should allow Leonard to make up an article out of the Indian letters for the Nation. I enclose a sample of the sort of thing that he would like to use, if you approved. He wants me to say that he could not give a definite date of publication, as he is very crowded at the moment. But he would very much like to use the enclosed, if you would read it, make any alterations, and send it back. They pay, he says, about five guineas.

We are sending back the MS.

I am being brutally frank as you asked; I think it is a most delightful thing myself; it is only the slightness that makes the difficulty.

Ever yr Sp.

Monks House

Rodmell

Lewes Sussex.

1st August 1924

My Violet,

I imagine that G. B. W. is
Mr Walkley, the Times Dramatic Critic —
in fact I'm certain. But the poor old
man seems to have got it all wrong —
but Bennett will be never agreed with
me about anything.

Here we are, that goodness,
picking raspberries & clipping the yew.
I wish you'd look in some time, —

give us a few wrinkles. Leonard has just taken the tremendous step of diminishing one gardener & taking on another, but they're all robbers & all heavenly to talk to, & we never get our gooseberries, & all the lettuces are let run to seed— Still, its very nice here, all the same. NYPL I had the shock of my life last week running in to George & Gerald at Katherine Stephen's funeral. George can't speak, & totters like an aspen. What has happened? Has he no teeth? And he seems already far gone in senile decay & grey rot. Gerald is comparatively spry; but was a stubby, dingy pattering gold ~~fog~~

for Sozzes; & when you die, please be
burnt to cinders & put on the path
- without any hanky panky ceremonies.
We had Cinatoyes & choir boys & the most
woolly & thin blooded hymns. Nena
disgraced herself by treating it all as
an afternoon party.

Come when you're back —
have tea in the basement.

Yours
V.W.

After 12 years of marriage, why should I
bloom a maiden one more?

52 Tavistock Sqre
WC 1

1925

My Violet.

You are a wretched client to
go off without coming to see me:
what I want to know now is
what about your Great Aunt?
Is the coming to birth?
When may I read her?
This is a matter of very great
importance, so please answer.
The Press feels that it owes you
an undying debt (of that what it
called) for buying it to
legally all these years — In
fiction, you won't be worried to

much. But our last batch is doing rather well – particularly the Rectors Daughter, whose author, being the prettiest woman in Europe, is appearing in Vogue.

NYPL

Did you let Manchester Street to the woman?

Shall you ever come & see us again?

Yours V.W.

Mrs Woolf
1925

Jan 23

52
Tavistock Square
London
W.C.1.
Tele. 2621 Museum

~~At~~ Wednesday.

My Violet,

Alas, ~~Tues~~ this Tuesday no good: what about Tuesday week?

If not then, suggest another day.

Only come to Gordon attached Bantlings

Yr. V.W.: Sp: